
Title: The Blood Lurker

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The walls of the
dungeon echoed with
the screams of yet
another adventurer
foolish enough to
challenge its dwellers.
The creature stomped
the mangled corpse of

Below the pit of
bodies, in the deepest
depths of the dungeon,
an ancient temple
stood; the ground
around it was littered
with the bones of
brave souls who had

the courage and skill to
arrive there, but not
to survive the horrors
that it spawned. A
pillar extended from
the base of the temple
through the roof, and
connected to the

cave ceiling. Inch deep
grooves, resembling
the ones in the pit
above the temple,
extended outward
from the pillar
forming a web
across the entire

cavern ceiling.
A slight rumble shook
the cavern, and
momentarily, the
roof of the cavern
began to darken in
color. Fresh blood
began to ooze out of the

ceiling pores, trickling
into the ruts and
slowly making its

way towards the
pillar. The area where
the pillar and the
ceiling met was rich
in blood from the

bodies that lay above
it, and as the blood
met at the pillar, it
began to trickle down
in a crimson spiral.
The blood dripped into
a basin made of solid
gold at the base of the

pillar and began to
collect in an odd
shaped puddle. As
more blood streamed
down from above the
puddle began to grow
upward. The floors of
the upper cave

rumbled again as more
blood was being
squeezed from them.
The puddle quickly
formed into a torso,
then arms, shoulders,
and with the last drop
of blood, the head of

the darkness, slicing
through only air. The
other party members
jumped into battle
stances, and the mages
began chanting spells.
All went silent for a
moment, and the group

began to relax a little
since the danger
seemed to have passed.

While rummaging
through his pack, a
mage near the end of
the party never

noticed the blood
dripping down from
the ceiling onto his
cape. He heard the
same sloshing as
earlier, and looked up
in time to see the

mass of blood fall

from above. The
blood creature
engulfed the man in
an instant, absorbing
his blood and flesh
and dissolving his
clothing, leaving
nothing left but a

complete skeleton.
Arrows whizzed
through the air, and
bolts of fire and
lighting rained
down onto the Blood
Lurker. It exploded
with splashing sound,

drenching the remaining
adventurers with
rancid blood. Cheers
rang up from the
party as they enjoyed
their victory,
accompanied by moans
for the loss of their

companion. The cheers
soon turned to screams
of horror as the blood
dripping off their
bodies began to boil,
reducing them, one by
one, to fleshless
skeletons. The Blood

Lurker leisurely
regained his form, but
this time larger than
before from the
fresh human blood. It
seemed pleased as it
surveyed its work,
and oozed back

towards its temple to
await the next victim.